

Different Paths

By
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It all started with 18 year old me, in my wee house at 8AM getting ready to take on the day by attempting hike within the wonderful, Bathgate Hills. It was a cold winter morning.

I had turquoise coloured eyes, blonde hair, walking shoes and a track-suit with a jacket and a rucksack just in case anything bad happened.

By the time it had gotten to 10AM, I had gone to take a wee break at a little café. After that, I started to walk again for 2 hours. When it was 1PM, I planned on going home but I accidentally went the wrong path, it took me 3 hours to realise because I had walked the full path so that had had taken me until 4PM. So I had to walk the whole path back and that took me to 7PM. It was cold and pitch black outside because it was winter. I couldn't see a thing. By the time I had gotten back to the café, it was already 8PM! Fortunately, the café was still open and just when they were closing I told them what happened and then they all drove me home.

The next day, I decided (overnight) that I would go back but this time, I will bring a 1000 mile string just to really make sure that I don't get lost. I had left but had forgotten the straw but didn't notice until quite later on. This time instead I would be going to Cairnapple. Everything was fine until I wanted to use my string! I was as worried as a gorilla when it loses its baby. I started to try remember really hard, thankfully though I could remember because the walk wasn't as long and I found my home. It was very close though...